

## Summer

Dan Bull

Some of the happiest days are when the sun rays cascade  
Over your back in the most naturally placid of ways  
You don't have to ask whether perhaps it'll rain  
And the centigrade never strays past twenty eight  
It's fantastically great kicking back with your mates  
And knowing no, you don't have to act to your age  
You can snack on a Flake or take a basket of cakes  
But make sure you've got some factor eight splashed on your face  
And the ladies make daisies attached in a chain  
While the lads entertain them with a basketball game  
And then after we're knackered and the match has been played  
Grab a glass of lemonade and relax in the shade  
We'll bask and just laze in the grass's green blades  
And sit back and just gaze at the paths of the planes  
Nothing matters today, you can chatter and play  
Playful antics under blankets of immaculate haze

Once upon a summer  
The sun plays across the lawn  
Once upon a summer  
The air is sweet and warm

Once upon a summer  
Heavenly and calm  
Once upon a summer  
It's never been this fun

It's ace when you're tipsy and playing with a frisbee  
There ain't been better days in the pages of history  
And though your hay fever itches and makes you be sniffly  
It's blatantly plain that you'll savour and miss these  
Great times when they're gone, days lying in the sun  
Bathing, misbehaving and playfighting for fun  
They might have been some of the days of your life that you'll always  
Be reminded of when your time to pass away finally comes  
And as the day becomes night and the sun goes down  
The shadows grow slow and cloak round your home town  
There's no sound but the bees and the birds  
And slowly but certainly the season returns  
You turn down to the ground and there's leaves on the earth  
Turning brown and allowing the trees to rebirth  
There's a breeze in the air and it breathes through your hair  
And that's it - summer leaves for the year

Summer's come and gone  
The day's no longer young  
Summer's come and gone  
But the memory lives on